

A NEW SONGCALL'D

THE COOLUN.

To which are added

2. Pegin a Leaven.
3. Buckers of Fingal.
4. Billy and Sally.
5. The Captain of Love.
6. Shawn a Glana.

[No. 5]



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Billy and Sally.

AS Billy and Sally a walking did go
Her heart was oppressed with sorrow and
 woe,

She had such a wavering mind I protest,
She did not know which of them to love best

In comes the Sailor so neat and so trim,
Crying out, Sally, where have you been?
I have been walking with Billy she cried,
Why did you do so my charming pride?

Here's twenty bright guineas I'll give you
 and more,

If that you don't come within Sally's door,
Nor in the place where she doth abide,
For you shall not have her to be your sweet
 bride,

Then Billy took horse, and away he did ride
Until that he came to a fair river side,
where he dismounted and stood on the bank
Crying Sally for your sake I now would jump
 in.

The news it was carried immediately,
That Billy was drowned for pretty Sally,
Then she rung her hands and most bitterly
 cried,

Saying, had he stay'd longer I would be
 Bride.

To St. James's church-yard Billy was carried
where his fair body was curiously buried,
Now Billy is dead, and bereft of his life,
Never will be any waterman's wife.

The BUCKERS of Fingall.

Am a stout roving blade,
And I care not for any man,
For Smuggling is my trade,
And I boldly figgt with sword and gun,
When e're we meet our foes,
We will surely peper them,
And boldly let them know,
We're brother to Jank the Batchelor.

As I saild the coast of Guinea,
To France and the Isle of Man,
We plowed the raging main,
With myself and my mercy Men,
The Women stocking round us,
On their bended knees did fall,
Wishing for our safe return,
Come back to sweet Fingal.

Our Battle being over,
We hoist up Sails and we set Sail
We put up our Mourings,
On the rocks of sweet Lambay
Fight on fight on my Hero's,
While you find powde, and good ball,
And we'll surely let them know,
That we're the Bucker of Fingal.

THE COOLUN.

O THE hours I have past in the arms
of my dear,
Can never be thought of but with a sa-
tear,
O forbear, O forbear then to mention her
name,
It recalls to my memory the cause of my
pain.

How often to love me she fondly has
sworn?
And when parted from me she'd ne-
cessarily cease to mourn,
All hardships for me she would cheerfully
bear,
And at night on my bosom forget all her
care.

To some distant climate together we'll
roam,
And forget all the hardships we meet with
at home,
Fate, now be propitious and grant me
thine aid,
Give me my PASTOR, and I'm more
than repaid.

The Captain of Love

HERE was a rich noble, as lately we hear,
He had but one daughter most charming and
fair,

so he much admired. yet this beautiful child,
by Cupid's arrow in love was beguil'd.

Her father he died.—One day for her ease,
with her workmen she rode in her chaise,
and soon a young ploughman there did espy,
in raptures upon him she fixed her eye.

This flame in her bosom so strongly did glom,
gaze on this beauty to the full she would go,
whistled so sweetly made the vallies to ring,
his cheeks like the rose that bloom in the Spring

Then home to her maidens this lady she goes,
resolved to dress in gay regimental cloaks,
with broad sword in hand she went to the grove.
The Ploughman was press'd by the Captain of
Love,

Into the young ploughman this lady she said,
Come, come, jolly farmer, and join the parade,
longer to toil us the plow, and so slow,
abroad for a soldier with me you must go,

You're handsome and proper well fitted to fine
laced hat and feather, and scarlet to line;
then with me you must go and your Captain I'll be,
a lady shall court you of noble degree.

Within a close room he was straightway confin'd.
While she changed her cloath, and then with her
mind,
in arms he embrac'd her and solemnly swore,

hat the Captain of love he would ever adcre.

Away then to church straight this young couple
went,
And in wedlock were joined with mutual content:
How happy the Plowman, now changed was he,
From a poor man's estate a rich noble to be:

Pegin a Leaven.

IM restless in my mind, and for ever uneasy,
Since I've lost my dear Jewel, there's nothing can
please me,

Her breast is like the Swan on the Water a playing
Sure no mortal on earth is like Pegin a Leaven.

When first I beheld this dear angel so bright,
She appeared like an angel and dazzled my sight,
Her skin is so fair, and her mien is so pleasing,
I'd chuse for my Valentine Pegin a Leaven.

My Peggy she's fair, she's charming and young,
And if she don't have me, I'm surely undone, I
let me rove where I will I can find no such maide
She's the nymph of all Iwains, my Pegin a Leaven.

Had I but my Peggy, I'd ask for no more,
She's a far greater treasure, than the rich India shore
For her smiles to invite me, she has quite ensla'd me
I'll sure die a martyr for Pegin a Leaven.

Her rosy cheeks, and her ruby lips charming,
She's a nymph of Parnassus, and adopted my darling
She's surely a goddess or great constellation,
The who could forbear to love Pegin a Leaven.

A new Song called SHAWN A GLANA.

ONE morning as I started I heard the trumpet
rattle,
the sun did shine most happy, the birds did sweetly
play,
with badgers and wood-cocking, grouse very
hearty,
and echo few a laughing, the fowler shooting fair,
Beynard's on the rock. the huntsman he cried hark,
the women going distracted for the loss of their
fowl there;
now the woods are cutting, we will be home di-
rectly,
Oh my dear your coming deluded of your game,

To my great misfortune that I have not been
coffin'd

before I was afflicted about my own affairs,
each day I seem happy with trees producing apples,
the oak leaves turning dark, the dew on the grass
so rare,

I give a quart of milk to those that would humour
the kid,

head and tea for hags to nourish them so free,

I don't get ease directly from the best in the city,
I leave the nation quickly when they than't see
me.

Now since I have nothing but on a mountain sit-
ting,

Oh my jewel I beg you will harvest with me,
my curse light on such traitors as did first deceive
me;

I left my child quite naked in sad extremity,
my goats that used really to give me milk in pail-
falls,

living on the laves that fell from every tree;

With courage up she started outstrip'd them
and horses,

In spite of all their cracking her cover she
lug,

Now gentlemen of honour don't you think
on't,

To leave me here quite bare and none to cover
And it's now I will spend my shilling with the
of women,

No better than I would tip it with my fingers
A crown or a guinea I never made a bill of,
But let it run like the wind by my side,

Now since I've got tipsy, with the best of liquor
My goats giving milk I will leave them unto the